The ſpyte of Spaine,
If Wyde or Dame,
Gets any ſhame,
They beare the blame,
That beleeue the beame.

For I proteſt,
Who loues them beſt
Shall riſe them leaſt,
For all you ieſts.
Where they getteſt,
They ſyle their beſt,
Glengore and Beſt,
Are no worſe Guiſts.

What Chame and Iake,
Did theſe men take,
That are ſo ſtarke,
Such Fiendes to feede.
To bring a packe,
New force to make,
This land to wracke,
Of Spanzards ſæde.

So if God pleaſe,
Others to raiſe.